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**Interview Transcript Title Page**

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<b>Forename:</b>	Kenneth
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**REFUGEE VOICES:  
THE AJR AUDIO-VISUAL TESTIMONY ARCHIVE****INTERVIEW: 56****NAME: KEN SHINDLER****DATE: 6 APRIL 2004****LOCATION: SOLIHULL****INTERVIEWER: HELEN LLOYD****TAPE 1****Tape 1: 0 minutes and 12 seconds**

HL: This is an interview with Ken Shindler on 6/4/2004 in Solihull and my name is Helen Lloyd. Ready to talk about what you know about your ancestors?

KS: Yah [silence].

KS: I was born with the name of Kurt Schindler in August 1919 in Hamburg. My parents were born in Germany and so were my grandparents, both sides. My paternal grandfather came from the Silesian corner of that... at the time he was in Germany he would ever... The country was cold. Now this place is in Poland. At that time it was called Sorau and it changed its name, of course. My grandmother was born in Berlin. Her ancestors, I don't know just where she came from. My father had three siblings: the eldest one, Hans, became a doctor later on. Father was born in 1884, my uncle in '81. There's a sister between him and his brother Hans, Emma, born in '83. She trained to be an ophthalmologist and very sadly perished in Auschwitz. Unfortunately, she was unwilling to emigrate. We can't quite make out why she didn't. She'd been looking after her widowed mother all her life, grandmother on father's side, died in 1939. And there would have been plenty of time to come to this country, but unfortunately... I think one of the reasons she had given: she didn't want to come here as a domestic. So, unfortunately, my father did not manage to persuade her. May be she felt that she didn't want to lean on him. So, there was Max, the youngest, born around '86 and, from what I understand from my father, was that he was in New York in early 1900 but got murdered in Central Park. So of course I never knew him.

On mother's side my grandfather was born somewhere I think in the Mecklenburg area, whereas my grandmother, mother's side, was born in Berlin. Her father was Rosenstern and my mother's maiden name was Karow. Now there is a cousin, or was a cousin who lived in Vienna and survived terrorism. Her husband was involved in some transport business at that time I believe with the name of Karow & Jelinek. Apart from that, father had a brother, not a brother, an uncle, Hugo. Beg your pardon, the uncle was Sammy Schindler, who migrated to Tirol, where in Innsbruck he started a business of making liqueurs and opened a café-restaurant in the main shopping area at that time. His cousins, Hugo and

**Tape 1: 5 minutes and 0 second**

Erich, Eric, were beaten up by the Nazis after the Anschluss and came to England but contact ceased fairly soon after that. Each had a son, but we've completely lost contact with both of them. So, this is a rather brief potted history of that side of things. My father himself followed his father into business. They were merchants in Hamburg and the firm called Blau & Schindler and dealing with imports of tanning materials largely from South America. These were barks that were used in the process of making leather, treating hides, raw hides. And, talking about raw hides, there was a tannery not far from where we lived in Hamburg and, from time to time, I was taken there to have a look round and found it extremely interesting of course. And I quite vividly recall the rather, by today's standards, primitive working conditions where the raw hides were spread out for the workmen. They must have been kneeling on the hides to scrape the hair, the pelt away from all material for further processing. The smell was very distinctive. This was off one of the main roads out of Hamburg to one of the suburbs and the smell told us we were approaching the tannery. And in the same direction, a little bit beyond where this tannery was, there was a... well, call it country house, holiday home, of his partner, as it were his partner's father, Blau. It had quite a sizable garden and fruit trees "soft fruit", and it was almost like a farm. And, coming back to Blau & Schindler, the Blau branch of that were neighbours in Hamburg to my parental grandparents in a pair of semi-detached houses and the Blau and Schindler families were really almost as one.

HL: Can you name the roads?

KS: I can name the road. Yes, this was Hochallee. My grandparents were in no. 13 and Blaus were in no. 15. I'm sort of jumping around a little bit in dates, but I was just trying out, just simply the... sort of family tree aspect in that. And coming back perhaps to myself, or, before I do that, perhaps go over to maternal grandmother who emigrated, I think it would have been around 1938, and lived in a little village in Sussex with a friend that she'd met through connections, family connections in her youth. She died there in 1947 or '8, was buried in a communal graveyard there, but in an unmarked grave as we discovered many many years later after revisiting. I wasn't aware at that time, and I actually conducted the burial service for, it was very brief and informal, that there was no marked place at all on this grave. Actually, I thought at that time that she had expressed the wish to be buried in the same grave as her friend down there in the church yard. But it turned out to be that it was not a church yard, because no doubt they wouldn't accept a Jewish person, quite understandably. This grandmother was very artistic,

### **Tape 1: 10 minutes and 0 second**

a very good painter, and particularly seemed to like painting flowers. And I mention this because my middle sister has similar talents, which unfortunately she can't practise anymore now, she is two years older than I am, and in a residential home in London. And quickly coming back to my family: in that root is my eldest sister, who, having emigrated as it were first to be a student in France after leaving school in 1933, then migrated to England about 1935 or '6 (I can't remember the exact timing), but left for the United States in 1938 with her then boyfriend, who was an academic, a non-Jewish German man, who had left Germany because of the political situation. And they met (up) at Grenoble both as students. And so, they together, coming to England, and he accepted a post in the United States in 1938, and he left in August 1938 having got married just before that, just a month before that and then moved round various universities in the States. And my sister, now widowed, 91 this year, is in a residential home in Amherst, Massachusetts. I visited her there once, way back in 1984. Now, coming back to myself on this, the road I was born in was Sierichstrasse and the number was 76. I remember it very well. As you can see, I can give you all the chapter and verse on

this. Round about 1923. I found it not so easy to get some of these things, bits and pieces of paper I brought along with me... At that time we moved into a house. The district Sierichstrasse was Winterhude. But our house that we then moved into in that ...round about that time was in Harvestehude, a rather leafy suburb. I compare it perhaps with Hampstead. Hampstead, London not Hampstead, Birmingham, quite a slight difference! And we stayed in there until round about 1935, when ... shortly after my father had to sell his business, well father and his partner. And we gave up the house, which was much too big for us of course at that time, to live there without servants' help and moved into a flat almost across the road, into Isestrasse, to top floor, 4<sup>th</sup> floor flat, and the house number was 119. Now, of course, I spent the significant part of my youth in the Nonnensteghaus, which instantly was the only one in the road that was smashed up by our good friends, the bombers, the war time bombers. But the next door, no. 17 survived, ours was 15, which was the mirror image in its appearance and layout.

My youth was very sheltered as my whole life was really. And we had a typical sort of middle class existence with cook and maid and early on nurse maid in that style. Our parents had their holidays while we were

### **Tape 1: 15 minutes and 0 second**

children away in Switzerland and such places, not in the cheapest hotels I'm sure. Our holidays as youngsters were largely, to start with at least, at the seaside, Hamburg being between the North Sea and the Baltic. And the earliest holiday I can remember was in the little place at the Baltic, Timmendorfer Strand,. This is to the north-east of the Kiel Canal. On detail, I don't really remember anything other than that I was terribly sensitive to sunshine and suffered rather badly from sunburn, which I... I have proof of this today, because I got various actinic damage marks, sunburn marks on my head, what you can see, discoloured marks thanks to medical treatment. I must add straight away there's nothing nasty about it. Our house had a fair size garden, well, fraction of this, And the gardening was done I think with help; I don't think my parents were particularly apt in gardening skills. But I suppose lawn cutting, grass cutting, guess that we... I did that later on myself as well. We had a, what you call it? a parallel bar gym equipment and a swing and, naturally, in the garden, on wooden frames, that rotted from time to time and had to be renewed. And, apart from that, I think the garden was largely used just to sit around on deckchairs and just enjoy being outside.

1926, I started school, in the Bertram Privatschule, which was situated, I can't remember what the name of the road was, but it was at the bank of the Alster lake, in other words it was just on the edge of the town centre, of the city centre. It was too far to walk daily to school, but I was very lucky, because friends of ours, who lived in a flat in Isestrasse, had a son, Walter Lippmann... Well, they had three children: Walter, the eldest, Kurt, the middle one and Elspeth, the youngest. And the father, Franz Lippmann, was the brother of Leo Lippmann, who was the city treasurer. He was very well known, very well liked and did a lot of things for the city of Hamburg. Father Lippmann had a chauffeur-driven car and I was given a lift to school with the Lippmanns. Significantly, also in the Lippmann family there was a brother of Franz Lippmann's, Arthur, a doctor, who had two sons, one of whom became a medical student and got involved with the foil contests, which is rather nasty thing. They used not just the sort of a sporting foils but bare, almost sword-like, gadgets and got badly injured and eventually committed suicide. Very very sad. His brother, and it takes me to the next part really, before I come to my next school.

### **Tape 1: 20 minutes and 0 second**

I'm just thinking of the Lippmanns as a family. They were hockey players and were members of the local hockey club, local town hockey club, whatever its name was. But of course the Nazis made sure that they were thrown out and I come back to our hockey connection later on, trying to keep in sort of chronological order.

During my primary school time with the Blau country house, which I mentioned earlier on in the same area as this tannery, this... Ernst Blau, my father's partner, the son, Peter, was the same age...a year younger than I. We were in the same sort of primary school. They had a children's party, a school party, for many years as the whole... the whole class was invited and the class teacher. The primary school years, of course, were a very happy time with the class teacher Frau Heipke, whose son was our age, so he was in the class as well. She had a daughter but younger. I realize these days what a hard life she must have had because her husband was in a mental asylum, so she was raising her family and working full time keeping family together.

HL: How many Jewish children were there in the school?

KS: In the school I can't tell you, but we were six or seven of us, a fairly small class, I think we must have been perhaps a fifth or something like that. In fact, in that sense, I thought that we were a higher proportion, but I don't think we really were. That school life was one where I got introduced to getting out of town, not just with the parents on holidays, but once a year we had some sort of school trip in the neighbourhood. The main place was always Lüneburger Heide. Now that's got a rather bad connotation these days with the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp. It was in that area, but we didn't go as far south as that, which... the concentration camp, of course, was in the neighbourhood almost of Hannover. But we were taken out on these trips on other occasions also to the cherry orchards. They were along the river Elbe on the South bank, the Lür. We were taken there in the spring for blossom time. It was the most fantastic sight, which, once seen, you don't forget. Coming back then, 1930, I changed schools into my grammar school, Heinrich-Hertz-Realgymnasium. Now, this started again in a very friendly atmosphere. The headmaster, a liberal-minded man, who had a marvellous regime. My school had a sort of curriculum for perhaps science-based with languages rather than literature in that style. I think I'd like to have a bit of a pause, so can we...

[Interruption]

HL: Were there many Jewish children at your secondary school?

KS: In my own class, I believe,

### **Tape 1: 25 minutes and 0 second**

we were somewhere around a sixth in number. When I finished my primary school a number of us came over to the same secondary school; others went in different directions. I suppose it was each according to their assessed abilities or trends. The brighter once, the Lippmanns, went to what was a school, it still exists I think to this day, the Johannäum, which produced the scholars, those with an interest perhaps in classical education, which was rather far from my own. My eldest sister was a classical educated girl, whereas the middle sister had something similar to mine, but I think also with a more artistic direction. So they were all... the three of us with different interest, talents or whatever you call it, certainly not talent in my

direction. I think I managed to scrape through school as far as achievement is concerned, but I'm really blaming the Nazis for that as well. Certainly, the first three years, I think my progress was reasonably good. I'm saying this having looked at my school reports, which I've still got today. And the blow really came in 1933, when, up to the Easter holidays, which is the end of the school year, we had the rather friendly and liberal headmaster I mentioned earlier, who wasn't seen after that holiday. A new man suddenly appeared, a Dr. Stute, previous man was called Usenschön, and this Stute character some might call him now didn't have the same sort of natural human way with him. And the whole atmosphere changed; the Nazi regime really got going: Hitler salutes and everything else that went with it. Nevertheless, we continued with, or were allowed to continue with, the extra curricula, activities, such as music making, singing in the choir. Drama didn't exist in those days. All I'm aware of is that music making, or just singing and instruments. We had a school orchestra, which I joined later. I'd started violin lessons at the age of about 11, I think. I was never up to much, but good enough just about to join that and it was great fun. Our leading violinist was a Jewish boy with the name of Hermann Behrends. Now, the Behrends family were friends of ours. He was, I should think, a good five years older than I. And the parents were largely friends. They had a daughter with whom I kept in touch until about two years ago or so. They emigrated to Argentina and the daughter, Hannah, had got married way back, and we were in regular correspondence since the war, exchanged letters once a year. She would write in German, which I lost my ability. I never had it. I was very bad as essay writing, that sort of thing. But her English was good enough, so

### **Tape 1: 30 minutes and 0 second**

our correspondence was each in his own adopted... as it were... she in her native language and mine in the adopted language. And that brings you right back again to my school years, because with time passing on it became more and more apparent that my ability of proper written expression didn't keep up with the standards that were needed for decent progress. And my parents resorted to getting me private tuition. My tutor was my eldest sister's, one of my eldest sister's masters at her school, a Jewish man, a Dr Bacher, who got thrown out, I think, right in 1933. And he then continued making a living with private tutoring. Unfortunately he fell victim to Auschwitz. But I'm very grateful to him to give me a little bit of a boost, and certainly it was something that I won't forget.

HL: Can you talk a bit more about the changes in the school in 1933, on what occasions the people made the hit list and so on?

KS: Well, yes, coming into the political aspect of the changes, I... as far as I remember, the routine in any case always used to be: as the master entered the class everybody had to get up. But, of course, the addition now came with raising the right arm and "Heil Hitler!" greetings, which wasn't particularly pleasant. As far as the attitude of my fellow pupils was concerned, I don't recall any real change, their... What got me was a chemistry master, a new character that was brought into the staff, who always wore his Nazi uniform of the storm troopers, the uniform, which I found naturally off-putting, I mean this is very likely in hindsight. Science subjects were what I liked. But where I didn't do as well as I thought I should have done was chemistry. And I'm putting this down to that chap.

HL: Now, do you mean that you didn't do as well because of your feelings about him or that he actually marked you down?

KS: I don't know, I can only guess as to what happened. I mean I wasn't...I'm sure I wasn't conscious of what was going on in that sense. But, looking at my school results, I find the chemistry markings were never on a par with the others: mathematics and little bit of, I don't know what we had, physics.

HL: Can you remember if all the other staff seemed comfortable with this new regime from 1933?

KS: I can't really tell. They seemed to be all very business-like with their teaching and I don't remember any sort of brain washing exercises at all. History obviously was very heavily biased anyway, because having lost the war, and the war that the Germans... the First World War, that we obviously had to fight for whatever reason, and the insult of the Versailles treaty was really impoverishing the country. I suppose was the last straw for all of them.

### **Tape 1: 35 minutes and 0 second**

My form master with the name of [...] was an ex-serviceman and regaled us with his stories, details of which I can't remember. But our Mathematics teacher just went about his business and taught us Maths to a very good standard. My English master, a Bavarian with a very broad Bavarian accent, it's as different as between, shall I say, Scots and Southern English, gave us instructions in a very good way. I mean I had had a marvellous foundation in that language. But I just don't know. There must have been something about it.

HL: What about your religious education?

KS: The religious education? Now, this brings me all to the point where my parents, to my recollection, never went to a synagogue. We must have been members in the liberal community, we...I was brought up in the liberal Jewish world. And, as far as religious education went, I think it may have been right from the start, or I don't know if that came later. But, when visiting Rabbis in Hamburg, we had the liberal Rabbi, in my time Dr Bruno Italiener, who later on emigrated to London. Then there was Rabbi Paul Holzer, who I think emigrated to America, and they between them were visiting schools on a basis, I think, once a week gathering the Jewish pupils. I don't even remember whether we were collected right across the age group or whatever that was. But certainly that was my religious education at school. We were not in the class with the non-Jewish group, with the Christians whatever the lessons were. In detail I can't remember what we were doing; it was bible stories rather than anything else.

HL: If your family didn't go synagogue, did you feel part of a Jewish community?

KS: A very good question. I knew that I was Jewish. There was no observance of Jewish festivals in high holidays in our house. I do not recall... that is, I'm talking now until the advent of the Nazis. Things changed drastically in 1933. But, up till that time, I do not remember anything, except one occasion where I was taken to what must have been a Purim party, that is the Esther and Haman story, in what was the lodge building in Hamburg not far from us. But, apart from that, really nothing.

HL: Did you have a bar mitzvah?

KS: No, I didn't have a bar mitzvah. But Ernst Blau, father's partner, he was also a member at the synagogue, the liberal synagogue, which at the time I clearly recall was the new building



in the Oberstraße. The building itself is quite famous; it's pictured in many sort of magazines and it was quite a striking

**Tape 1: 40 minutes and 0 second**

architecture, built just about on the advent of Nazi time. The architect was Ascher, a man who also emigrated to England. And Ernst Blau was a member there and, from whatever age, again this is too far, too long ago, he took me along with him for the High Holiday services. His son didn't come along, but I did. I don't know what attracted me to it, but anyway I did. And of course I remember quite a lot from that. The liberal practices, the continental liberal practices are in the style of what they are these days at the Belsize Square synagogue, at the synagogue of Belsize Park, which is really the immigrant 1930s/ '40s community, which we didn't join in this country. We rather thought we were not going into the ghetto idea but try and mix in with what is indigenous more or less in this country.

But, coming back now perhaps to my school time, come 1936, when I had reached the equivalent of O-Level. I don't know whether I said I wanted to go, whether my parents said that I should go, or whether, what is even much more likely, that the headmaster said: "Goodbye, I don't want you anymore." I tried to discover as to whether I was thrown out or went, but, according to archive information that I've had from Hamburg, it was left to the individual headmasters to decide whether or not to keep their Jewish pupils. I suspect he didn't want us. I don't think that any of the Jewish pupils remained, at least certainly not my age group. We, our parents, took us way to somewhere or other, rather, for my part, my parents thought that I should not finish my education, but sent me to an English boarding school on Lake Geneva, where I was supposed to continue and going for the matric. The only problem was: I hated the place. The headmaster there was whisky-soaked, and the atmosphere was awful. I'd never lived away from home so I was possibly homesick as well. The so-called matron was a bitch, to put it bluntly, and I lasted precisely one term.

HL: Your parents must have been quite well off to send you away to a school in Switzerland?

KS: Yes, we were. I indicated earlier on we had domestic help, resident living-in domestic help, until the Nazis came of course, and there, they had to go. No Jew was allowed to have non-Jewish domestic help. And in the similar way in that my mother employed sort of... but to me now, in retrospect, what seemed an elderly woman. She was, well, her age group, really she couldn't be elderly, to come in once a fortnight or whatever to mend, to do simple dress-making here. Now, she, her husband, was a war veteran, First World War, having lost his leg, But he was a shipyard worker just the same. And eventually... or perhaps he didn't lose his leg in the war, he lost it in

**Tape 1: 45 minutes and 0 second**

a shipyard accident, so he was out of work. She just earned a penny a year there. And she was a very friendly, loyal woman. She also went to my paternal grandmother to do the same sort of thing. In those days people were mending their sheets and their household linen and weren't throwing away garments when this little bit of wear or what have you, even if you were well off you still looked after them and wore them.. This throw away society didn't exist. And this woman had to give up and she was very sad about it. She was a real loyal good friend. So that was the Nazi time and my father having to give up his business, to sell up to I don't know whom and got very little back.

HL: That was 1935?

KS: That was, well no, he sold it, 1935ish, I think. Somebody took over. Or it may have been a little later, but this is all pretty soon. They had their own office building in the city, Katharinenstrasse, the number was 25, one of the few buildings that our bombers managed to flatten, which I discovered later. And so the school life then really finishing 1936, coming back after three months. What next? And my decision was that I must learn something to earn a living, because the aim was to get out. For some peculiar reason my parents were just hanging on and on and on. So many people rather said: 'Right, we go' and they went. And the atmosphere still was: "Well, it can't last." We know better now. So, an old school friend of his, a man called Blumenfeld, owned a coke making works in Hamburg, which was situated in the harbour area. And this Blumenfeld man was a partner of Behrends. I mentioned the name earlier as the violinist and our friends as well. So Blumenfeld offered me a job as an apprentice in the maintenance workshop of this coke works. I was very happy to accept that and happily accepted this job and had roughly 18 months there learning the tricks of the trade of metal working. Metal working that is starting from scratch, starting with the simplest task of filing and drilling and sewing, shaping, blacksmithing. And then moved into dismantling steam valves and other gadgetry that's used in a factory. Such places, coke works, they produce steam for the processes and have all sorts of machinery, crushing machinery, works locomotive and a variety of aspects. So, I really had a hands-on, very useful 18 months with excellent supervision. There was no problem whatsoever. They were all matures who, I think, enjoyed what they were doing and really showed me how things were done.

HL: Were most of the employees Jewish or not?

KS: Not one of them. Not a single Jewish person. These were metal craftsmen; people were shuffling coal, not really Jewish occupation in those days.

### **Tape 1: 50 minutes and 0 second**

They were more inclined into other... But I'm sure there were Jewish craftsmen around, I'm quite convinced there were, but not in that factory. One of the supervisors, in fact, he was a son of my former form master in the secondary school. But that's just by the by. I learned an awful lot in those 18 months. It was an apprenticeship, but it wasn't an indentured apprenticeship. I was working there as a volunteer; they weren't allowed to pay me. So I was a trainee of some description, but a full work training as it were wasn't permitted with an aim to whatever it would have been at the end.

HL: Meanwhile, what was happening to your father after he was forced to sell his business?

KS: Well, he seemed to continue. He was probably continuing to work there, but not as the owner anymore. I think the winding up process probably took quite a while, and he certainly wasn't hanging around at home. My mother was a typical housewife and the change from living in the house with help to now living without help simply meant she had to do her own cooking, and her own washing and so on. But we all had to adapt and that was just a natural thing to do, obviously. One had to take this sort of thing in one's stride, sort of change, change of living.

HL: Were you very aware of people you knew were leaving the country?

KS: I must have been. Funny to look at the question like that, but very likely yes. And that brings me to the hockey aspect now. 19 around '35/ '36, a Jewish sports club was founded called 'The Shield', which was sort of based on a Jewish German Ex-Servicemen's Association, that is ex-servicemen from the First World War. And they sprang up all over the country. And there was a hockey group, part of that, which I joined, and my middle sister, and we there learned the game of hockey. And the people who taught us how to do that were the ones who were playing in the (what do I call public?) clubs, who were experienced. There were the Lippmann boys and the girl Elspeth and their cousin who was a very good goal keeper. So the Hamburg team we had, we were graded into the good ones. I was not one of the best ones, but we enjoyed the game and went also travelling. We visited Frankfurt, played there; they came to us. Visited then Berlin, and they came to us. And out of that friendships were formed as well. Some marriages ensued, too, quite naturally, but not until we'd all emigrated. But these sort of activities led to further pleasantness. In my social life, what I haven't mentioned so far yet on my secondary school by the way, was the friendship I formed with Hans-Werner Levi, who lived Isestrasse, a few doors from where we'd moved eventually. And he had a similar interest. I suppose we wouldn't have formed a friendship if we hadn't. We both liked to use our hands on mechanical things and I've got a

**Tape 1: 55 minutes and 0 second**

photo here of where we are in our garden in Nonnenstieg where we dismantled our bicycles to clean them, to put them back together again. And we went out exploring the neighbourhood together, and to this day we are in touch. I'm pleased to say, he's still with us but unfortunately not at all well any more. We just correspond by email, the occasional non-email letter, but he is virtually blind. He's almost the same age as I am, has got a family; he's settled down very nicely having been captured by the Nazis in Norway and escaped...

HL: How does the hockey club connect with your awareness of people emigrating?

KS: I can't remember. No, I really can't remember. All I know is that it must have fizzled out because I just have a ... there's a blank, an absolute blank in my memory. What I do know is that a number of us met together again, came across each other in this country, for instance a pair of brothers, Kalmes, they were contemporaries of my eldest sister, hockey players. Now, one of them finished up in London, and the other one in Leeds. Now, I visited the Leeds one towards the end of my army service because I was stationed for a short while not far from there, and the London one, we just lost track. But one spread around the world and somewhere you came together again on the odd occasion here and there... The younger brother of those two, the one who was in London, we started off in our military life together. So it sort of jumps around quite a lot [silence].

**Tape 1: 57 minutes and 34 seconds**

[Pause]

**TAPE 2**

Yeah, I did a little bit of...

HL: Sorry... [Silence] Talk about coming to the end of your apprenticeship.

KS: Yes. Well, one of the things that I had to do while I was in that apprenticeship, not having finished my education totally I had to go to what they call a... Vorbildungsschule, I think they call it; it was a compulsory one day release. And, as part of that, I took up learning how to do electric arc welding. And that I thought was a good thing also for earning a living later on. So when I finished my training at the factory with a view to leaving the country, that was early in 1938, I think I left in the February, or perhaps earlier on, I've got a little certificate in my collection, and then really started collecting things up, buying new clothes and so on, getting prepared for leaving, which I did the end of March. Could have been round about the 25<sup>th</sup> or 26<sup>th</sup> of March where I managed to take a big cabin trunk full of clothes and odds and ends with me. Fortunately, my parents, who came later, were able to pack up our whole household in a container. And there I then retrieved quite a few things of my own. They came along as well of course, so that we could really establish ourselves. Anyway, coming here, where both my sisters had already established themselves. They were in digs in Hampstead. My, what was to be my brother-in-law later was there as well

**Tape 2: 2 minutes and 23 seconds**

but I then came to live in a boarding house the other side of Hampstead. They were at the Haverstock Hill side, and I was the north side of the Finchley Road.

HL: Before we get to that, can you remember the process of obtaining travel documents?

KS: I was given these travel documents as it was in those days, I was given my train ticket by my parents and a ticket to get me onto the luxury ocean liner, the Bremen.

HL: And no difficulties were made about your departure?

KS: None, whatsoever. My father had obtained all the necessary papers, no doubt paid the necessary ransom, or whatever you might call it these days. And he also had permission to pay me £13 a month for living in this country so that we wouldn't be a burden to anybody. He had this permission for, I think all three of us. Fortunately, he had had some investments in Holland, which he was allowed to use for that purpose. No doubt the Nazis took off a greater proportion than they left for him to use, but nevertheless we had a benefit of that. So arriving here in my... well, my first digs actually, I was on the same side of Haverstock Hill as well. But, very soon after that I moved to something I think a little bit cheaper than that was, where I was in half-board during the week and full board weekends. We just start with filling in time, before I got down to some form of work again. I went to Gregg's to learn short-handed typing. This was Gregg's in the Finchley Road, which was very useful, but...

HL: Before we move on to the details of your life in England, do you have any memories of the impact of the Nazis on the street life, your life outside the home?

KS: I certainly have. I have a very vivid recollection of the general atmosphere outside. In the street demonstrations preceding the advent, the take over by the Nazis, and it wasn't an election, it was a take over: There were the two opposing parties, the Communists and the Nazis. They were both doing their marches and, particularly round May Day, these were very colourful events and it so happened that our road, Nonnenstieg was crossing the St. Benediktstrasse, which was one of the main thoroughfares used by the marching columns in those days. And I particularly remember the Nazi marchers with their banners, and their uniforms, and their noisy shoutings and singing the anti-Semitic songs. The Communists, yes

I remember them as well, but never as sort of, in such a vociferous way. I suppose it's obvious that there where something is anti-Semitic you'd notice it more than any other thing. In the same league was the Boycott Day in April 1933, where storm troopers were placed outside Jewish-owned shops. Now, in our neighbourhood, our local shopping centre, there was a sweet shop, owned by a Jewish lady. I can't remember her name now,

**Tape 2: 7 minutes and 26 seconds**

but she was... she had a little well-stocked shop, was popular around there, and of course on that day we kids made a point going in there and buying sweets, going past this SS-man who wanted to deter us. In Hamburg at least there were, to my knowledge there was no smashing up of windows yet. But whether there were any sort of unpleasant activities in the more predominant Jewish areas I don't know. You see, we had a rather sort of... remarkable... call them ghetto areas, wrongly applied word. But in the, what was called the Grindel area, there was a predominantly Jewish population from the turn of the century, Russian/ Polish immigration, the pogrom escapees, whereas Harvestehude and the fringe of Winterhude had the longer established, more well to do too in those days, Jewish families. And in our area, we really, we didn't have the concentration. I don't think there was a single shop with a display, say a kosher butcher or anything like that. In fact, I didn't even know it existed, but I'm quite convinced that it did. In fact there are stories, histories of this part of town. I didn't know it very well, although it was right next to my secondary school and I could have, I suppose, got on my bike and sort of, after school gone straight home have a look and see what that looks like. But that, apart from that, sort of the general atmosphere, that we weren't allowed to visit theatres, cinemas and that sort of thing, I was too sheltered. That's it. Parents wouldn't talk about anything at all really? And we hardly knew what was going on.

HL: But your parents must have had to explain to you why you were not allowed to go to the theatre or the cinema?

KS: Oh yes, of course. We were aware of that. My parents joined the Jewish cultural organization, for which I've got father's membership card still in my collection here, where I attended concerts with very high-class musicians. In Frankfurt, there was a philharmonic orchestra, formed under the direction of the conductor Steinberg, and we even had Yehudi Menuhin visiting us, on a solo performance, but apart from that really I'm not aware. We used to go to the general concerts in the town, the sort of symphony concerts, and opera and so on, but that ceased, that just vanished. My parents used to go to the theatres and I'm quite sure they didn't do that any more. That certainly yes, there was a difference that one noticed. My aunt, the ophthalmologist, continued with her practice certainly during the time that we were still there, but then soon she had to pack up, thrown out of her hospital part of the work. But, it was an extraordinary existence, and we were so lucky in that respect. But the whole thing, and it was always said, was quite calculated on the part of the Nazis, because they were heavily relying on the export trade in Hamburg. It was an international trading centre and they couldn't afford in those days to blot their copy book. It was all straightforward, with calculation because, come Kristallnacht, from what one's heard, it all finished. So,

**Tape 2: 12 minutes and 25 seconds**

if it wasn't for that, if we'd lived in another town, we wouldn't have fared the same way.

HL: But you were well out of the way by then, so let's now return to your digs and your life at... learning typing skills and...

KS: Yes, yes so I mean life from then on those days of... that didn't move very fast from then, but in relative terms, yes it moved very fast. And I got this sort of, I settled in very quickly. My eldest sister was at that time working as secretary in the Bernard Baron Jewish settlement in the East End of London, very well known establishment under the leadership of Basil Henriques, later Sir Basil Henriques and his wife Rose. This is the... they started their settlement in 1914. He was an Oxford graduate from a very wealthy family and didn't have to work in the sense that we understand it but he was able to devote his life, or their life to needy children in East End, particularly Jewish ones. It was formed by the liberal Jewish and reform Jewish congregations in London and Herta, my eldest sister, got this job because our friends who really helped us to establish here, an old family friend of my mother's, then Daisy Adler, one of the descendents of the Rabbi Adler, more or less guaranteed our existence here, although I'm glad to say we managed to keep our heads above water with my father's work that he managed to take up again in this country. I was only earning a crust, but it was these connections that got us to this country. So, from the introduction that Herta had to the settlement though... there was an acquaintance link somewhere to the Rabbi of the liberal Jewish synagogue in St. John's Wood, Dr. Israel Mattuck. She was asked to stay with them as a companion for the youngest daughter. So, the day after my arrival, I was introduced to the Mattuck family who took us, that is... my middle sister was already here, but they'd taken us under their wing. They were sort of really... almost acting as parents. I mean, we were old enough, but inexperienced kids, you see even at the age of 19, or she was already 21, but there was something really gave us a background and a backing. And it was really through that, through these connections, that we then settled in so terribly quickly and it wasn't very long before we were invited, that was the middle one, Gretel, and myself, to join the youth group at the LJS at St. John's Wood, the alumni society, and got to know plenty of people there. There was a number of us immigrants, refugees in those days. So, things were on the move, we weren't alone at all. There was no question of, like so many kids, the Kindertransport, who were thrown in at the deep end and had to make their way from small to later life, some of them exceedingly successfully. But they had a tough time. Not only tough, but of course having left their parents behind, which we didn't, I'm very conscious of that.

HL: How soon did your parents manage to come over?

KS: October, the same year, 1938.

HL: And did they have to prove that they could all self-support themselves?

KS: Yes. That was part of their entry visa permission that they had to look after themselves. My father was allowed to take a little bit of capital with him and together

**Tape 2: 17 minutes and 26 seconds**

with his partner Ernst Blau they established another Blau & Schindler in London, but didn't trade in the same goods, because of the different trading pattern in this country. But they managed to keep their heads above water and then dissolved that firm and he was about 75, I think. So that is our... my first, as it were introduction. I lived with my parents when they came here in October. My middle sister moved in as well, but that time of course my eldest sister had long since gone to the States.

HL: Did you rent an accommodation?

KS: We were in a rented accommodation; we were in a block of... in a flat in Hampstead Garden Suburb. And this block of flats was built by one of the sons of the psychoanalyst, Freud. It was very modern, continental style. I suppose something that attracted us. And we stayed in that block of flats until, well, past my father's death in 1968. My mother would have moved out in the mid-70s, when she couldn't cope any more on her own. There were no lifts in there. We were on the first floor and she couldn't cope with this. No, we were in the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, sorry 1<sup>st</sup> floor it was, but she couldn't cope with the stairs any more and the general housekeeping and so on and so it was...And she then moved, this is in the mid '70s, into a residential home in the Bishop's Avenue called Heinrich Stahl-Haus, where she lived until she died in 1984, by which time we were here.

HL: How was your English when you first arrived?

KS: Good enough. The schooling I had in my grammar school was excellent, I had a few private lessons after leaving school at a Berlitz establishment in Hamburg and from then on I coped very well, I had no problem. I had these three months in L'Aiglon (?). I don't know how much English I learned there, probably swearing as well, and I was supposed to learn French, which I didn't.

HL: What did you do after acquiring your typing skills?

KS: Well I, after I acquired my typing skills, well, while I was doing that, a job application...a job application or even more so, an application for permission to enter into an apprenticeship in this country. It was a matter for the Home Office at that time to allow me to do something. I'd come in on a visitor's visa with permission to stay, I think it was from March till November 1938. Now again, wheels within wheels and old friends. It was an old school friend/ family friend, Bernhard Bleichröder, and they were a long-established Jewish family in Germany, Bleichröder; they were bankers. And one of the sons went to an insurance business; he was an insurance broker in Hamburg with his partner Ernst Bing. So we had Bleichröder & Bing insurance broker in Hamburg. Bings were family friends; their son was in my school, in the primary school, Werner Bing. The Bings emigrated to the United States and we lost contact, Bleichröders emigrated to London and we kept in touch. Well, Bernhard Bleichröder had a friend in Berlin who was called Leo Neumann. And Leo Neumann with his brother

## **Tape 2: 22 minutes and 25 seconds**

and sister were running a factory in Berlin making machines for arc welding, arc welding transformers. So, I was introduced to Leo Neumann, L.M. as we called him, because his second name was M., L.M. Neumann, and he offered me an apprenticeship with him, but had to seek the permission, of course, for me to come into his factory for working. So I had, to start with, a permit to allow me to work as a student, so I started fairly soon after my Gregg, which may have been three months. So I started working with them, and they had a factory in Shepherd's Bush right next to the Metropolitan Line station and next to the Shepherd's, Goldhawk, Shepherd's Bush market. It was in Goldhawk Road, at the back of a Fish'n Chips shop and the other side of the road was a shop called Ashkenazi's, a Jewish grocery shop. So I started with them. Initially, I was in the factory, but then I had enough skills from my experience in Hamburg to work on metal processing machinery. And I moved around the factory fairly fast. From there they took me to work on the welding rod production which was an extrusion process. A welding rod is a metal wire coated with some material to shield the arc and to prevent oxidization of the metal under burning conditions. So, spending some time

doing that, and then I got into the machine assembly section, where from some of the bits and pieces made up in that factory and some bought in, the transformers were assembled. This was a one man little operation. And the whole factory employed may be say ten people, all males, of some age or other. And I spent quite a long time actually in the assembly side of things, putting the whole thing together from boxes full of nuts and bolts and bits and pieces and to then testing the final product. Part of the things that went into it were coils, literally coils made from copper wire, insulated copper wire, into magnet coil really, which is sort of the basic of a transformer. So putting all the bits and pieces together and then going in for the testing of that. That was done in a very sort of primitive set up with old unprotected electrical connection at the normal mains voltage, which if you and I touch it we might not survive it. But I'm explaining that now in... against the background of our health and safety regulations. That could have been totally and absolutely inadmissible. I'm making this remark also with the background of having since taken up electrical engineering in a professional manner, and supervisory activity as well. I'm horrified at the whole thing. But what you can say is that in those days we were all disciplined. We had routines drilled, perhaps by own doing, we made sure

### **Tape 2: 27 minutes and 26 seconds**

that we followed procedures and didn't try to do silly things. In that way I'm here to tell the tale. If I hadn't, I may well finished up at as a lump of burnt something. But this is something of history.

HL: How long were you there?

KS: I was there, I think it was from late '38 until summer 1940. In April 1939 when the war was expected, I volunteered for military service. I think we all did this, lots of us, and had a letter which I've got to this day from the War Office or whatever it was 'Thank you very much. But we don't need you, we've got plenty of people.' This type of thing. 'But we'll keep your name on file'. That time the recruiting incidentally was done through what we used to call Woburn House. The supporting organization this country formed for sort of German Jewish refugees committee whatever they called it. It was staffed by volunteers, I think from the local Jewish community. And among them active was a Major Bernard Davidson who was a first war-retired soldier, but took an interest in matters military. And, it must have been there in the sort of expectation of a war that they set up a recruiting office. It comes back to me now. Well, we went... I went to see him, was more or less invited to see, got interviewed, at the end eventually must have had this letter from the war office. Come early 1940, spring I think 1940, a letter from the war office: 'Will you please come and present yourself for interview'.

HL: And no worry that you might be regarded as an enemy alien?

KS: That's another story, an interesting one. So I was then asked to attend and had my interview and recruiting session for army service and had my papers to report for the 1<sup>st</sup> of August 1940. So I then stopped work in time for that and put on the uniform. But in the meantime of course there was the invention of enemy alien. For which, eventually the internment started and the rounded up every Tom, Dick and Harry! And among them, one of the two principal engineers at the factory in Shepherd's Bush, there was Hans Zadeh, Dr. Zadeh, who was a very good sort of design physicist, electrical engineer. And there was Franz Hirschmann from Breslau, a brilliant engineer, stroke artist as well, photographer. Zadeh lived in... just round the corner from the factory in Shepherd's Bush with his girlfriend, much to



my parents' disgust, partner we call them in these days. Franz Hirschman lived with his parents. They were older than I, were fully qualified people. And he got rounded up and sent to Isle of Man. Craziest thing ever to do. Brilliant engineer, sitting there, twiddling his thumbs. But our dear government saw sense and said: 'Well, we've got

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all these internment camps filled with people, let's do a tribunal' for those who hadn't been rounded up yet. In very good methodical order people were rounded up in alphabetical order, Schindler is way down the line. So, when it came to the Schindlers, we had our letter, an invitation to present ourselves at the tribunal in Golders Green in some hall or whatever it was to plead our case for not being interned. So, back to Daisy Hopman (?) whom I mentioned as my mother's friend, Her husband, Jim, was a Fleet Street Journalist. And he came along with us and pleaded our case. Both my father and... it was men who were interned not the women, both my father and myself were spared the holiday camp, could have been Huyton in Liverpool, could have been Isle of Man or wherever. Anyway, so there was no internment for him or for me, and we continued with what we were doing.

And come the 1<sup>st</sup> of August I presented myself outside the recruiting office in Euston Road and there came across Kalmes, the man I name... mentioned earlier in the connection with hockey, and Sternheim who was an Ex-Hamburger as well, and I don't know how many others: two rabbis, one cook, Richard Tauber, a friend whom we met at the alumni society of liberal synagogues, who was an economist. He was... had been working for ICI. And, we were about a hundred, I think, assembling there and were taken to Paddington Station. And on to Westward Ho, to a holiday camp it was. We were put under canvas and there began our training as auxiliary military alien pioneers, AMPC. Our colonel in charge was Lord Reading, who appeared the next day. We were all lined up in the holiday camp, and then he came along and asked each one of us some pertinent or silly question and when he came to me he said: 'How old are you?' I looked a lot younger than my 20 I was at that time. It was within 21 days of my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday. That's all he asked me, never do forget. And, well...

HL: What was the training like?

KS: Very easy, it was really to build up, build us up physically. Marching, PE, The worst thing were the inoculations. The... against TAB, Tetanus and all that stuff. I was very, very ill for 24 hours under canvas, having never lived in a tent before, having never queued up for my food before and so on, but it was very good. We moved on to some other places round Somerset in the first part of our initial service, didn't know what to do with us, really. Among other place we were in Yeovil in the summer, and the Germans had to try... try to have a go to Yeovilton, the Westland factory, but they missed and dropped the bomb on the outskirts of Yeovil. So we had our first practice in clearing up a mess as pioneers, I think, we were killing our time with, apart from that,

**Tape 2: 37 minutes and 26 seconds**

by hacking up few bits of road here and there, so that somebody could place some concrete barriers, stop the Nazis, if they were to invade, getting their vehicles through, pathetic compared with these days. And, so we went from one place to another and my last stop in Somerset was [...] base holiday camp. We were sent to that place because the Royal Engineers wanted help putting up huts to enlarge the camp. And I was always very keen on handicrafts and I appointed myself as a carpenter to work with the engineers, Royal

Engineers, to make wooden shuttering for concrete bases. And to help in that work I went and bought a little spirit level, a little tool which I've still got in my tool case today. It's only that small because I didn't want to put up anything that was not level. And for some reason or other I didn't think to ask for a spirit level from the engineers or they didn't offer me one. But that way, and I not only enjoyed myself doing some carpentry work, but I also had the Quantock Hills just round the corner which as a keen walker, we... I always enjoyed walking, it was an ideal holiday place for me. And one day, I was called into the company office and told to pack my bags and go to Aldershot because among the details I'd given was that I had learned how to do arc welding, electric arc welding. And I was to go there for a trade test. So, journeying down to Aldershot, first of all I had to get to the local railway station which was Williton, North Somerset. And it was a steaming hot day; it was absolutely parching and not a water tap inside anywhere, but this little farm building just down... not far from the platform. So I went down there and asked whether I could have a drink of water. They said: 'Water?! Not likely, you'll drink this.' And it was cider, rough cider. Now, my alcohol intake to this day is very limited because I just can't take it. And I got quite woozy with that, but anyway that wore off on the train journey to Aldershot.

HL: Have there ever been any reactions to your German accent when you met people like that?

KS: Not at the time, no, no funnily enough there was nothing. It depends how well versed people were. You know, some people obviously said straight away: 'Where are you from?' or 'What have you...?' But wearing military uniform made a difference. That came later I think, afterwards. You know, once you were out of the forces then that became significant. Not everybody picks it up, quite a few people obviously to this day say: 'Where were you born?' or 'What's your accent?' or 'Where do you live?' or something like that. But not in those days, no.

HL: So, arc welding now?

KS: Arc welding. So I had my test and by the way, between leaving the previous camp and getting back into Somerset I missed out a very important part of it. We were sent to London, into Rotherhithe, just into the docks area, in Suffolk Grove School. Now some among us said Suffolk Grave School, but it didn't turn out to be a grave. The Blitz was on. We were sent down there to help clear up the bomb damage, acres of it, and that was pure hard labour, real physical hard work. Loading up bricks and bits and pieces of what was left, smashing up concrete as well. I was the only one in the lot who had ever wielded a sledge-hammer, Mr Blacksmith. So I taught one or two how to do that, and I was the smallest

## **Tape 2: 42 minutes and 28 seconds**

and the weakest of the lot. There were some pretty well built people among us, but of course the Rabbis weren't among that. They, they had good stature, but of course they weren't used to hard labour. But that was quite a significant... I don't know how long we were there, six months, eight... uh six weeks, eight weeks or something like that, during which time I went home to see my parents quite often. And, as fate or luck would have it, I missed the tube train on the way back to billet. If I had caught that train, I would have got hit at the bus station in Moore Street waiting for a bus. By the time I got out of the tube to go to the bus, that stop had gone. And that was my only real war experience, the escape. And we had bombs flying round all over, but nothing as close I missed as that one. Belvedere Court didn't have a scratch on it, and Hampstead Garden Suburb and Suffolk Grove School had nothing. But round us, where

we were doing the clearing, was plenty of the damage. And this is really what's the meat of the story and all this.

You see, my military experience after that, having past my trade test, I mean they took anybody they could lay their hands on. Took me into the Midlands, took me to Donnington, which is now more prominently known as Telford. I was there for a couple of years in a central workshop as a welder and got a middle promotion as well there. And, in fact, not only did I do this electric arc welding, but I perfected my technique as well. And, I simply trained myself how to do gas welding, oxyacetylene welding, which I'd never done before. But the equipment was there and I thought: 'Why not do it? And, well, it was good. So I ran my little welding section with myself and three others in a Blacksmith's shop and that helped, I think, to get me... to have, to have this poor hearing in my... later years. I'm quite convinced that this is industrial hearing damage, the terrific noise. But apart from that, it was a very peaceful war ahead. A significant event in that perhaps was in my Donnington time, apart from the fact that there is a lot of rambling there, it is a lovely... you're just right on the edge of the Shropshire hills, near what is now Telford. There was a lot of awful damage done in the town. But, anyway, I was sent on what I would call a leadership course, just in a village nearby Donnington, which was largely so... orienteering I think you call it these days, find your way around in the open without a map or anything. And it was one session there, where we... the whole lot were assembled. How many?... It might have been fifty of us were there, largely non-commissioned officers. And the fellow in charge said: 'Now, I want somebody, just to talk about something. Shindler, here, you come out.' I hadn't a clue what to do. I never knew what to talk about anyway, to this day, but, so I stood there in the middle of a big circle of these chaps, and as it were, 'Do any of you know why we're in the war? I know why we're in the war. Do you know what it's all about?' and I rambled on for a solid hour about why, a lot of what about I've told you about today, which is obvious to you, obvious to lots of people, but they really didn't know. I told them about the idea of general

## **Tape 2: 47 minutes and 30 seconds**

hostility: you couldn't trust anybody; you couldn't dare speak up in public anywhere; you didn't dare listen to BBC radio, which we did, of course, with a stark warning: walls have ears and all that sort of business, which I didn't bother to mention in here, which is so obvious to me. But this really was... they, there was not a sound from anybody until I was told: 'Well, thank you very much.' And then of course the questions came. Extraordinary.

HL: And these were non-commissioned officers, so reasonably well educated people?

KS: Well, the standard of the education was very mixed. Without trying to be snobbish about it, the refugee contingent we had with us in Donnington, we were all educated people. The general run of the middle, the ord...the privates, and sergeants, and corporals, in between I never got beyond corporal, they were people from all walks of life, and largely tradesmen, craftsmen, you see, with education unfortunately stopped too early. I mean there were some..., in particular one sergeant we had in our..., a complete yokel, as ignorant as they come, and what we call these days a racist. Now, among our crowd were two West Indian boys, charming chaps, willing to do anything, one a boisterous youngster and the other one was a preacher actually, sort of lay preacher. And this yokel sergeant had it in for the youngster and he bullied him something rotten and, in the end, I decided enough is enough, and I went to see my commanding officer and complained this can't go on And it stopped. I think the man was sent away. Now this bully was previously in another depot and he was well known to the refugee engineer contingent. We were all mechanics, engineers or some sort of

another, was well known to many and he'd got chucked into the local river one day, or local ditch rather. And this seems to be the consequence of that. He was sent to Donnington; they wanted to get rid of him. My commanding officer was also the team captain for the garrison hockey team, need I say anymore? My hockey playing in Hamburg in 35/6/7 whatever, gave me enough skills in hockey to join the garrison team. And it was very socially exceedingly pleasant, but politically useful, or diplomatically, I should say, useful. And I was glad that I had this connection with him. If it wasn't for that I don't know whether it would have been so easy actually to approach him direct and interact about this racist business. Because, if it wasn't for that, I would have had to go to the... another sergeant, the one above myself, which I didn't want to do. You see, you have to follow... But they would have probably stuck together, the sergeants. But I went straight to the top and that was my luck. And this is the first time I encountered racism, apart from... I mean racism in the sense of colour.

HL: And how did you spend the rest of the war?

KS: The rest of the war? Well, at a lot of this time in Donnington, we'd come to about 1943, they had had enough of me in Donnington and sent me out to... and I had a few weeks in Slough on some... I don't know what activity that was, and then they sent me across

**Tape 2: 52 minutes and 25 seconds**

to Baldock in Hertfordshire. It was a sort of little mobile workshop activity, where I did welding again, and that was a sort of free and easy time. It was only quite a small detachment with a normal 8 to 5 working day life. Went to the local canteen. I don't know whether I came home once or twice as well, and after that I was sent into Rutland, another central workshop... Excuse my ...[interruption]

Well, before finishing my service in London in 1946, I had a short spell in India where... I had mentioned earlier, I'd been sent to Rutland where I spent quite a while with a similar sort of existence as in Donnington, but then off to India in the summer of 1946. I was told that I was to be sent overseas just as D Day occurred. In fact, I spent my embarkation holiday around D Day in London, and after that we went off on a 14-day-voyage to Bombay from Glasgow. Wonderful springtime cruise with sunshine and the best weather you could think of, Bay of Biscay as flat as the local lakes here. And, arriving in India in a rather warm spring, it was exceedingly interesting seeing the primitive existence in those days, quite a really shattering experience seeing some of the sights of people with illnesses just hanging round the streets and sleeping rough in stations and so on. A long journey across by train to Madras in the Southeast where I was in a holding camp. And it wasn't very long before the Japanese gave up so that I was sent out there for nothing, thank goodness, but slowly came back West having a few stops, one at Bangalore for a few weeks and another one in Poona another few weeks, and eventually came back by sea this time round the Cape, stopping at Durban in January 46. And from there hanging about in this country with nothing much to do. Then they had the sense eventually to send me to Mill Hill Barracks and with a tube ride from Hampstead Garden suburb with quite a few visits home at that time. In fact, I stayed at home in the end, but still had to wear uniform until eventually I was officially demobilized on my birthday, the 21<sup>st</sup> of August 1946. And here endeth my war.

**Tape 2: 56 minutes 28 seconds**

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**TAPE 3****Tape 3: 0 minutes and 10 seconds**

HL: What did you do after you were demobbed?

KS: I went home and was glad to get rid of my uniform. Very soon after that I went to the labour exchange to see what work I could do. I think it is in the right order, I must be forgiven if I got it wrong. And the first job, if I remember correctly, was that as a welder in a local factory making lampposts. They were steel pipes simply welded and up to certain length in descending thicknesses. It wasn't very long before I was informed that I was entitled to full time further education for two years on the basis of evening classes that I had attended before the war.

**Tape 3: 1 minute and 18 seconds**

So I found that the borough Polytechnic in Southwark were running a course for Higher National Electrical Engineering two years full time for which I was accepted, subject to passing a written exam in English. So, I had to present myself for a several hour session in the big assembly hall at the borough Polytechnic to write an essay of some description and I spent the hours writing rubbish on a piece of paper for which I was accepted to enter this course, which was a fantastic course with all ex-servicemen-students from all parts of the armed forces. And we sailed through our course in no time and finished in 1948, after which I spent several months looking for work. And while I was looking for real work, work I was interested in, I signed up on the labour exchange and was sent as a temporary civil service clerk first into the local taxation office for properties, residential properties, or whatever it was called at that time, as a clerk finding out misfiled letters. Interesting job, but it gave me a little insight into the workings of the Inland Revenue with a few useful tips I just remember to this day. When that finished, I was sent to the Post Office at the back somewhere in Holloway, near the Nag's Head, in the staff department as a temporary clerk for somebody who was ill or on maternity leave or something, rather processing staff index card details, whatever that was. And, to cut a long short story short, I worked... I was employed for full day and less than half a day's work to do there, or even less than that. There were two others alongside me there. And, one day, suddenly I was left on my own and I still didn't have enough work to cover for the day. And it was apparently very much disliked by the rest of them to show them up and I was sent into the store's vehicle department, taught to fill in some silly stock record cards, index cards. Dead boring. But, during that time, I was applications for work. I'd written out forty letters, which resulted in various interviews. Nobody knew what to do with me, neither did I what wanted to do with myself, because I had started on something which appeared to be a blind alley. Anyway, it was mechanical engineering and I'd studied electrical engineering for two years and I didn't know what to do with that, until eventually, through a government department scientific something or other register, I was introduced to a firm of electrical building service consulting engineers in no. 100 Victoria Street. The principle was Arthur Baker, A. H. Baker, Ba... beg your pardon Barker, A. H. Barker, retired university professor, who had researched and brought into practical use the technique of radiant heating. His electrical partner was Henry Edmund Baker, M. A., who was the son

**Tape 3: 5 minutes and 52 seconds**

of Sir Herbert Baker, quite a well known architect among those people who've heard of him, who was a partner with Lutjens in various, prominent monuments and buildings in this

country and in India as well. Henry was from a very well-to-do family, who lived at a flat, or they had an apartment in Earl's Court, and was the owner of Howletts, a little National Trust cottage in Kent. He offered me a job as an assistant electrical engineer on something I knew nothing about and he really gave me a sort of virtual apprenticeship. The job itself turned out to be a 45-year-work, not experience, but calling, activity I thoroughly enjoyed. I finished up within sort of ten years of my retirement as an associate partner in a firm that took me on in London after I had left Baker & Barker after 14 years, having got fed up with it. I answered several advertisements and found a job in Birmingham, which were in a great hurry to find somebody to undertake the work for electrical designs for the then on the drawing board University of York. So I spent a few months with them and I was suddenly told that they had no more work for me, having told me at recruitment that they actually were having quite a lot of work and they were shutting an office somewhere in the North and bringing down that activity to Birmingham. And so...

HL: What year did you move to Birmingham?

KS: 1963, at Easter time. I started with my London job in 1949, so 14 years and a few months with this lot here first job in Harman Road and then told 'Go, and find yourself something else.'. I've been banking with Barclay's ever since I was engaged to be married. Sonja was a translator at Barclay's foreign branch in the city, and so that obviously, when I opened a bank account, I decided it was better to have one, I went to Barclay's. And Barclay's branch, my local branch, near to Harman Road it was right across the road; it was the back of Harman Road to whatever, by five ways, and the manager there was called Peschler. Now, having had a few months in Birmingham and talking to contractors and other people, I heard the name Peschler. So I thought: 'Well, don't know where to start in Birmingham, find another job, go into a bank.'. I asked to see Mr Peschler. So he greeted me, I mean I was a Barclay customer, and immediately he said he'd tell his brother, see whether they've got anything for me may be. Well, 21 years later, I left Peschlers, it was Peschler & Partners. Arnold Peschler himself started his working life in the Birmingham baths (?) department and, having studied for his qualification said, I think it was Suffolk Street Polytechnic, whatever a polytechnics, in other words he had a similar technical education to mine and obviously seemed to feel sympathetic. So, this is really my principal working life, in London the interesting parts were work for the National Trust, electrical refurbishments for properties and a substantial number of university

### **Tape 3: 10 minutes and 51 seconds**

new buildings.. We were in an era in... between... end of the war really onwards, building new universities or extensions to existing ones. So I had quite a bunch of new universities. There was lots of school building going on so I had secondary schools and primary schools in and around London, on the outskirts of London. And that really was sort of my main field of work, cutting my teeth on that sort of thing, working with other people seeing what they do, how they do it and concentrating mainly on the electrical aspect, but also learning a little bit about other things that came into the field such as central heating and radiated thing ventilation and so forth, but I remained really an electrical specialist all this time. And simply went on from there, kept on reading up in time, keep up this development and bit by bit finished up here, sitting at home as a pensioner.

HL: You have mentioned your wife. How did you meet her?

KS: Now, that takes us into a totally different field, nothing to do with work, but interest in voluntary activities. It basically would have started with being invited to become a member of

the alumni society of the liberal synagogue in St. John's Wood. I mentioned before, where my eldest sister, the American one, must have been secretary to the warden of the Bernhard Baron settlement. Now all this together falls into place where we're together now. In that... shortly after I started full time work I decided to go and sort out, or rather suss out, the settlement and see what was going on there. And I landed myself as a Thursday evening, early evening voluntary club manager. I mean I didn't know anything about it for 11 to 13 year olds as looking after them in a wood work class. And joining the alumni on activities, talks, lectures, rambles and so forth and got drawn into not long after, in the early '50s, into what was established for a very short time as a federation of liberal Jewish youth groups for the whole country. But it was mainly London; there were only one or two provincial towns which had a youth group as well. It had set itself the task or was told to set itself the task to pull youth groups together in having joint social activities and educational, religious Jewish education activities. And I was given a job to do there soon after of helping to establish a youth group in North London, in Amherst Park, with others together as a committee. And, generally speaking, we organized joint lectures and so forth, also recreational stuff; we had weekends away as a group, sort of camps with study sessions under the leadership of Rabbis, student Rabbis and so on. Not to go into too much detail, Sonja had been on her own in London, her parents living in [...] north/northern Teesside. And she finished school and had really wanted to study languages at university but couldn't find a course that suited her, but a great, a real aptitude for language

### **Tape 3: 15 minutes and 52 seconds**

from her school work, She had a very, very good sort of secondary education, particularly in Kendal, Kendal High School and found herself as a translator in Barclay's bank in the city. And she lived in the Barclay's bank hostel in Bloomsbury. And sort of walking around the place she came across what was called the West Central Club. It were in Hen Court, somewhere not far from where she was in Berners Street and walked in and was received in a very, very friendly way, and she wanted to know whether they were running classes in photography. And she was quizzed a little bit as to where from and why and what for and what's it all about. And she realized that she'd walked into a Jewish settlement similar, but not residential, or quite the same as the Bernhard Baron. The person who had founded it and was also running it with her sister was the Hon. Lilly Montagu, one of the three Montagus, the founders of the Liberal Jewish movement in this country, a hundred years ago. So there she came under the influence of Miss Montague and was invited to attend their services at the synagogue, which is not far from there in Maple Street or somewhere. And they had youth group. Now, I must say, youth group in those days. I, like many others, was a demobbed soldier, and two years after our demob we'd come to about 19... where were we? I was pushing 30 when I started my post-war youth club existence. Now, by the time Sonja appeared on the scene, I was then the chairman of this youth club federation. They pushed me into that job. She joined us round about in November/ December 1963...

HL: '50 ?

KS: '63 ? Sorry, thank you. '53, yes, I'm losing my counting, that's right. So she appeared there at the committee sent as a delegate from West Central. And we were running a drama competition in January 1954. and Sonja walked past me, past the desk where I think I was collecting entrance fee or whatever it was, six pence per head, and I sort of took a liking to that face that walked past me. I mean I had seen her before round the committee table. And one thing led to another; we attended together a what was called the World Union Youth Day, which was organized by the youth group of the World Union of Progressive Judaism. We

were all affiliated to that sort of federation it was, and Sonja came to that as well. And we got together talking and on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of April that year we were engaged and married on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September the same year.

HL: 195..?

KS: 1954. So a few days ago we had our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of engagement and we look forward to the anniversary of the outbreak of the Second World War, the 3<sup>rd</sup> September, and of our golden wedding and this is how Sonja comes into it.

HL: And what was her background?

KS: Sonja was born in a place called Trautenau, now known as Trutnow in Bohemia, not far from, not terribly far from the German border then. It was Sudetenland, it was what the Germans were after.

### **Tape 3: 20 minutes and 54 seconds**

She was born there, her mother was born there, her father was somewhere further, I don't know, East, and father was politically active in Trautenau as a local councillor. Chamberlain had made a present to the Germans and they were warned about the pending occupation by the Germans and immediately left. I think it was in '38 to a small town further south, sort of half way down to Prague, into comparative safety. She wasn't allowed to speak a word of German there because Germans were hated. Father stayed behind to sort things out; he managed a shoe-shop in Trautenau. The premises were owned by some member of the family, I can't remember who, but he owned all the stock. But he then suddenly got arrested, being politically active in the left-wingish party, sort of Democrats. But, fortunately, there was somebody there who knew how to leave the gate open. So he escaped. And they all then separately... father got brought out by the Social Democrat Party in some transport system after Sonja and her mother got out previously. They were also brought out by, through the Democrat Party with one of the Swed... Swedish... No, an English Quaker was there, got the party out on the actual day the German troops marched in, and that Quaker got them past the German soldiers saying that they are all under British protection. A really brave act. And that was '39. And they then boarded ship in Gdansk or somewhere and then passed Sweden finished up in... I don't know, wherever they landed, Tilbury or whatever port it was. So Sonja arrived in '39 and went to school. The parents were moved around from here to there and finished up where they spent most of the war, well all the war years in Kendal. And then father transferred to North Shields. He then had been working, helping. There were about ten families in Kendal and two or three of those were in enterprises making women's dresses. They were then given factory space in North Shields. This was Dukes and Marcus who were actually in the East End of London but were told to go, I think, because of the alien aspect, enemy alien aspect; it was too close to the docks. So, anyway, father-in-law worked with Dukes and Marcus until he retired, eventually finished up as company secretary there. I mean, he had the background of shoe shop... shoe salesman, you see. And so Sonja and her brother grew up in a factory in Kendal and she then moved on to where we are now. In between she took up teaching as well, but that's only until later the school... the boys had nearly finished their school here.

HL: Since you've been married, have you always been part of the Jewish community?



KS: Yes, we were before, and we were always part of it. We kept our membership at the Liberal synagogue where we were married by the

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then Rabbi Leslie Edgar who incidentally during the war was chaplain, Jewish chaplain to the forces and he was also active in the Midlands where I met him a few times when I was in the Midlands. So, Leslie married us and we then '63 came up to the Midlands and joined the Birmingham then called liberal synagogue. And fairly pretty soon became active here. So, we had an involvement with that side of things quite a lot. We managed to find time, I mean she had her family to look after here. I had my full time work, I found time to be at the synagogue as an elected to the committee there, councillor or whatever you call it, and they made me treasurer as well for three years. But I took on only commitments outside working-hours, all related to work as we all have to do when we are in professional activities. We can't just do a 9 to 5, but you got to show your face in one way or another. And that landed me in various engineering institutions, various committee positions, and eventually, when I officially retired in '84, packed up the lot. I'd had enough then. But I didn't retire, it's like wanting to be a millionaire and no final answer. I took out... continued ten years as a freelancer in my work, because I found it, using a modern jargon, very fulfilling. But I also wanted to earn some money, because the pensions are not very famous these days. Never were. So, my working life was very busy, very interesting and meeting all sorts of people and various aspects of life: from the medical world to the educational world, from the primary school up to university, the industrial world, making road traffic signs to milk-bottling-people, I don't know what...

HL: At what point did you change your name?

KS: During the war, as a soldier, when it was suggested that if we were sent to Europe or anywhere where the Nazis might be active, it would be better to anglicise my name. So I didn't totally anglicise it. I just dropped the "C" out of it. Apart from that actually people here just tripped up over the name; they didn't know what to make of it. In these days, it's the other way round: 'What's your name, please?' Shindler. Yeah, yes, "Schindler's List." So S-C-H-I-N-D-L-E-R. But, previously, the "C" in it was just impossible. And of course kicking my German first name, just didn't fit into the picture, so I chose something with a "K" which is Kenneth, it was K-U-R-T, Kurt. These days I might as well go back again, because everybody is so familiar, not only that, but English people adopted my first name. It's common among the artists isn't it? And the Americans and so on.

HL: What was your attitude your generation to being assimilated into British culture?

KS: Can you phrase that differently, because I find it difficult to answer this one.

HL: I'll put it differently. What was your sense of identity? Was it primarily Jewish, German, British?

KS: When I lived on the continent I was a German youngster and my religion was Jewish. My religion is still Jewish. It's not a nationality for me; it's a belief. And as far as

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belonging in a group of people is concerned, I'm a Britisher, but I'm in a world of all sorts. And find that I try to... or I have I think adopted a lot of the ways that are the ways of life in

England, or the British Isles, or whatever you might call it, and totally abandoned what I grew up with, because this is a different existence. It's easier, but I must also say I grew up in a totally abnormal world. You see, from a sheltered, a very sheltered youth with as far as I experienced doing whatever I wanted to do or my parents really allowed me to do, to suddenly having to learn from one day to the next to watch what you doing. To look round, to listen, to measure your words, that is an extraordinary experience. And this is the sort of thing that I emphasized in my talk to my fellow soldiers during the war. And a sort of thing that I used to bring out when we were doing the guiding at the Anne Frank's exhibitions. You know: 'How did you live?' or 'What is it?' or that sort of thing. And that is really the greatest contrast in one's existence that I find, that obviously you mind your Ps and Qs, you don't say just everything that comes into your head. But there are different forms of restraint. In those days I wasn't used to mixing with people of all colours, that came later, In fact, I was probably infected in some way in a sort of funny racist attitude, which we all found out later is crazy, wrong, whatever expression you can find in that way, criminal, I don't know what. And I think I find myself I'm super-accepting, may be it is in the sort of self-defensive way, because I've been there. But, it's quite a natural thing. You know, in my Birmingham job I had an apprentice of... a Birmingham-born West Indian lad; he was an apprentice and we worked together. I enjoyed working with him, having him in the office. In fact, after he left us for some other job he phoned me once or twice: 'Can you help me with this or that?'. Well, what else can I expect? You see. I had an apprentice in London to whom I gave a pretty rough time, I think. I bumped into him in Birmingham on the bus, funny enough, I don't know what brought him here, and we were very pleased to meet, and he said: 'You know, I used to hate the sight of you. I called you all names under the sun, but you really taught me something.' And I really liked that. 'Do a job the correct way!' I used to make him repeat this until they were right. I just couldn't have work sent out that wasn't right. Well, perhaps I was too Prussian in my approach. But, I think it's paid off in my working life somehow.

HL: What about how you brought up your children? Have they been very much part of the Jewish community?

KS: Yes. It's very interesting, you should say that. Both boys weren't sent but taken to their religion school at the synagogue Sunday mornings.

### **Tape 3: 35 minutes and 49 seconds**

Jeremy, the elder one, became a real leader there in the youth group that they formed and moved on into the sort of successor organization of the federation. It sort of, it faded out for a couple or three years. I don't know if they reformed it. So Jeremy got involved in that. Then, he moved into London as a student and joined a synagogue, the South London Congregation there and got active straight away in that. But, after many years, he suddenly dropped out. Now, he's now coming up to his 45<sup>th</sup> birthday and he's slowly coming back again, starting about two years ago, two maybe three years ago, slowly back. He's not married; he's a doctor; he's worked in London ever since he finished his training, moved out of Dulwich where he was, and is now in Hertfordshire near to Watford. His practice is in Watford. Bit by bit he's just sort of drifting back. Now, the younger one, Brian, two years younger, one born on the 11<sup>th</sup> of May, the other one on the 12<sup>th</sup> of May. He took on chemical engineering and and got his qualifications and was taken by ICI from university. They were sold out few times down the road, worked in Teesside and, after 18 years, he had enough. He's now looking for something else to do. Now, he too was in the youth group in Birmingham, but after university, I think he was still a member in the Jewish students organization while at university here in London. But he dropped out. He hasn't left Jewish faith, but he is just not joining in. You see,

he hasn't forgotten anything, but he is attracted into what you might call Jewish social life which he can't find where he is in Teesside. But in London he does, so we don't know just which way Brian is going, also not married.

HL: How observant were you in your home when they were growing up?

KS: Not. In my home, in my youth, we were not observant, and here we were minimally observant. We've just carried on with that. We don't believe in sort of rituals just as rituals. We join in with, I mean for instance we're going to a Passover at the synagogue this evening. We used to do it here when the children were at home. Since we moved away, we used to go to London and join in with my sister's family on a family Seder. Now, her grandchildren are now grown up. And this year is the first time we're not doing it as a Seder meeting, but we're just coming together as a sort twice-yearly getting together. We used to have the same sort of get together at the Chanukah party at Chanukah time each year, and I don't think we'll do it again this year. We may come together at that time, not necessarily on that day, but as sort of children... they're not children anymore. You see, the elder girl, my elder... the elder grandchild, great niece, she's at university and her two year younger brother is getting towards his final year at school. So, the baby times are over. But we do participate, we're active in

### **Tape 3: 40 minutes and 52 seconds**

Sheepcote Street. And we join in Friday evenings from time to time, occasionally on a Saturday morning as well. But, by and large, we are not as observant as some others, but more observant than those who among the Jewish community see the synagogue twice a year, the Day of Atonement and New Year. We're not in that category, a little bit more often.

HL: Have you encountered any anti-Semitism since you arrived in this country?

KS: I haven't noticed it, overtly. I may have assumed that there may have been something behind it in some occasions. It wouldn't be fair to spell out in what direction they were, I would only throw out a hint. I don't want to accuse people, even if they don't live any more. I tried very hard to become a corporate member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, which is my, what I call professional club. It's a must, really, to be a member of that, a corporate member. And I applied for membership in that, way back before coming away from London. But the support I received was such that I failed. After I'd come to Birmingham my new employer was... The electrical partner like his mechanical partner came from a very well-educated family. Father was a doctor. He himself by coincidence was in the same school in Switzerland that I was, but left about a year or so before I arrived. He was two years older than I was. And, when I said to him that I wanted to apply for that, he was terribly keen, very, very keen. Now, by that time, it was then what 1973, it was within 11 years of retirement, or 1972 could have been, that I started applying. I had the choice of where to attend an interview. Now, I had been attending meetings of the IE here in Birmingham for quite a while, because I was then a non-corporate member. I was a graduate. And we had a, still is... have it today, a membership adviser. So I went to see him. And he advised me not to go to London for interview, but I should go to Manchester. And I took his advice, and I went to Manchester. And the outcome was: I'm a full member. I achieved it through that route, that way, but I had good support. I had my boss. I had, I'd have I think three names. There were two others from industry that I got to know reasonably well round here. And I did it. The interview was what I'd call a fair one. In the London one I think it was dubious, because it was terribly biased, not in any sort of personal way, but biased in the activity that it was doing. I was accused pretty

well by the interviewer, through the questioning. that what I was doing was really that of an office boy, nothing else, whereas in the Manchester interview they really concentrated on the professional aspect properly. Obviously, there had to be support as well in that. So, there is that what I think was a little bit

**Tape 3: 45 minutes and 52 seconds**

perhaps questionable in London. After all I was a foreigner. The attitude of this London man really was this: my salary, I mean, you never earn a fortune in this unless you're a good business man which I'm not. My salary was adequate. When I got married, he raised it, because I was getting married. And I think he raised it perhaps a little bit more when we had our first child. When Sonja had given birth to Brian, this is number two, it was about 2 o'clock in the morning at the Middlesex, I came into work the usual time and went in and saw him and said: 'May I go, have a little time off this morning, go and see Sonja?'. He said: 'That's got nothing to do with you, you've done your job'. And that stuck in my gullet. And that encouraged me even more to leave. But that's nothing to do with anti... this is his attitude, servant – master.

HL: Are there any other aspects of your life in this country you would like to cover?

KS: Yes, I think aspects such as the freedom to roam which... I mean in those days I wouldn't know what to do anyway as a youngster. But the sort of social aspect: tennis clubs, hockey clubs which I joined. That was before I was married, Sonja is not a ball-game-person, because she unfortunately her eyes, her sight doesn't allow it.. But keen on walking, rambling, which we both are terribly keen on, and that is something we really enjoy thoroughly. We some years ago joined the Rambler's Association and got active in that lot, in the organizing aspect of that. And this gives us sort of outlet also, meeting people. The social aspect which is strange to our background here is that nobody knows anybody else up and down the road. And I think this has largely to do with the fact that we are not members of the local church. I think that is perhaps, shall I call it parochial? Sonja calls it that. In that, the groups of membership, they get to know each other and they meet together. And if you're not really meeting at that central place or on that sort of focal point, then perhaps it is understandable that it's difficult to get to know people better. The sort of thing that we find unusual and can't get sort of rid of that idea is that, if you call next door for something or other, you talk on the doorstep. Our old continental way is: 'Come on and step inside. Sit down and tell us what you want.' You know, these are different things, different styles of living. And that is just ingrained in us and we're not going to get rid of it. But that's a sort of observation one could have. But work-wise or activities-wise as... call it club aspect; once you're in a club, well, you're there and you're part and you're members. You participate, and that's that.

HL: Do you have any message for anybody watching this account of your life?

KS: I would say yes. The message is perhaps, is that: as an immigrant into a new environment, you must acclimatise to that.

**Tape 3: 50 minutes and 53 seconds**

You must integrate with and try and when you, you know, when you're in Rome... and not go against the grain. That's the criticism I have against the later immigration, the Non-European integration, who are so welded together and find it so hard to break away. Not all of them, you mustn't apply that generally. But it's an awful pity to see that. It makes life difficult, I think,

for themselves and for others. We like the idea of total intermixing. I mean, if I need a medical adviser, if it's an Asian man, well, he was born in Asia. I've had two surgeons recently attending to me, Asians, why not? People from the continent, our lot attend to others and so on. We all live in the same world.

**Tape 3: 52 minutes and 16 seconds**

**PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS**

1. KS: On the left is my original birth certificate, and on the right a copy, which was made in October 1938, I believe for my parents to take away. The significance is the original rubber stamp with the Hamburg logo and the later one with the Nazi eagle and the Swastika.
2. KS: Myself, held by my father in the year 1920. And the same, my mother.
3. My sisters and myself, round about 1922.
4. My primary school year in the late 1920s. On the right, my first day at school, 1926.
5. 1935, my secondary school. With myself. My friend, who lived in Leamington recently, who sadly died a few years ago, a Jewish friend. Another Jewish friend. Another one who moved to Canada, incidentally in 1984 I met this chap and, I can't find him so quickly. But two others for reunion at the time of our 65<sup>th</sup> birthday.
6. KS: My late aunt Emma, the ophthalmologist who perished in Auschwitz,
7. Corporal Shindler in his former home in Belvedere Court,
8. Hampstead Garden Suburb. My father. My eldest sister, her husband, my middle sister, myself and a friend, seeing my sister and my brother-in-law off on their way to the United States..

**Tape 3: 55 minutes and 30 seconds**

9. My parents at their golden wedding.
10. My first driving-licence
11. The testimonial of my first job in Hamburg before emigrating.
12. My first permit to work as an apprentice in London. Is there any chance of editing this? I slipped up on this, wrong order.
13. Proof of army service. And there's my army service career.
14. Our visit to Hamburg by invitation of the Senate for a seven-day-stay, showing Sonja and myself the Inneralster against the background of two prominent churches. That is the Rathaus, the town hall.

HL: What year was that?

KS: 1990.

15. And in the same year, we visited Sonja's former home town Trutnow, or Trutenau as it was previously.

**57 minutes and 52 seconds**

**END OF INTERVIEW**